BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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"BORN TO NO MASTER, OF NO SECT ARE WE."

DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON THEATRE.

There devils play at bopeep;—put out their horns to do mischief, then shrink them back in safety.—Dryden.

They only feel the smart, but not the vice.—Pope.

Wits have short memories, but dunces none.—Idem.

He lends a lie the confidence of truth.—Dr. Johnson.

Aye, aye! dom *him,* fot *him, I'll* fot ony mon *ith' country.* Dom *thee, I'll fight a better* mon nor *thee, either* up *or* down. *Come, come! I'll* tak *no advantage;* poo *off thy coat.*—Vide Yorkshire Pugilist.

As our only object in exposing the abuses of the stage, is, as far as our power extends, to effect its reformation, so it must be sufficiently evident to the candid that we can take no further interest in this exposure than as it is necessary to promote our principal design. If the abuses did not exist, we should be exempted from the ungrateful and profitless task of labouring for a reform. We may consistently lament the existence of that misconduct, against which it is our duty to declaim; and turn with disgust from a picture we have ourselves sketched from the original abominations, and still wish them unreal. Our readers will, therefore, give us credit for the assurance, that we experienced a very sensible pleasure when we caught the first glimpse of Mr. Bray stepping manfully before the curtain "to explain."—Not, however, that we thought it possible he would have the shamelessness to deny charges, for the truth of which we knew we could adduce irrefragible evidence that should be confirmed by the obtestation of powers superior to those of Billingsgate;—but we anticipated, on the contrary, a candid apology for what could not be denied, but which might yet be palliated by the promises of reformation. We gave this actor credit in advance for that ingenuous frailty, which, though it may stoop to folly, has yet the grace to apologize for its weakness. We were willing to admit, with the elegant Roman dramatist,—*Erubuit; salva res est;* there were yet hopes while he blushed. But unhappily these hopes were soon dispelled by the perusal of his defence; for what shall candour herself say, when criminality is stripped of its only becoming feature—humility, and arrogance is united to guilt,—*arrogantium oris et contumacem animum!*—Or in plain English,—what apology shall even ingenuity devise for the performer who insults his audience with ribaldry, and, upon being decently rebuked, gives them the lie to their teeth? Even the humane maxim of the Roman orator,—"*he who is sincerely sorry for his misconduct, is almost innocent,*"—is not applicable to such contumacious offenders. Without attempting, therefore, to amend impenitence that appears incorrigible, we shall content ourselves with exposing it to the public and leaving it to its fate.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes,
These you but anger, and you mend not those.

Mr. Bray must ever restrain his choler at what he calls our "pretty ready made" quotations. When we speak of his fraternity, we must be pardoned for occasionally communing with those approved foes of dulness and indecency, the Satirists, from whose well stocked armoury the humble volunteer may be supplied with many a well tempered blade for the backs of Zanies, buffoons, and noddies,—the scouters of purity and decorum.—Besides, according to Mr. Bray—"we write for a living;" we cannot then be denied the common privilege of dependance, that of occasionally asking assistance from the opulent. When, therefore, we want authority or wit, we shall continue to call upon Dryden and Pope; and whenever we require effrontery and smut, we shall still hold to approved authorities, and quote Messrs. Dickson and Bray.

But Mr. Bray assures us that *he* does not "write for a living,"—an assurance by no means untimely for those anxious friends of his, who perused his late essay, which, if it may be considered as a fair specimen of his genius in this way, would not, in our opinion, enable him to write long. We would therefore exhort him to cherish this wholesome antipathy to a literary life, if he values as he ought the blessing of a good pudding, or the still greater felicity of cracking indecent jokes upon a Boston audience. The license enjoyed on the stage he may be assured would not long flourish on being transplanted to the press;—for, if his writings should resemble his acting, he would soon find the *Police* among his patrons.

If, however, there be any among our critical fraternity, who "live" by attacking the licentiousness of our stage, we must confess that they have manifested but a sorry portion of gratitude to Messrs. Bray & Co. for supplying them with such abundant sources of loaves and fishes. Nor do we by any means censure Mr. Bray for his curiosity on the subject hinted at, in that insinuation of his already quoted. He must very naturally conclude, that few or none would descend to the drudgery of cleansing a polluted stage, unless necessity had yoked them to the task;—forming his opinion, as he probably does, from the hireling race that scribble in the service of English green-rooms. There he must know, that the puffer is as contemptible as the puffed, and that they mutually keep each other from starving.

Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with flattering diffidence a lie.

It may not, therefore, be improper to dispel the curiosity of these sojourners from *Laanun*, by initiating them in a domestic secret. While the best friends of the stage consider the theatre a stain upon the escutcheon of the metropolis, there will never, we trust, be wanting volunteers to wipe away the pollution; and they will labour as willingly at their posts, as not long since, the threatened citizens toiled at the redoubts on our islands. The latter labour was a preparation against foreign arms—the former is intended as a remedy against domestic poison, and both enemies come from the same quarter. The one was an open assailant, paid by a foreign master, and coming from a distant country—the other foe is an insidious one, fed and clothed by ourselves; and, though hatched in the grosser clime of foreign lewdness, yet nurtured in our own bosoms. Who is most to be dreaded, the open enemies of the country, or the treacherous foes to the decencies of domestic life? What avails it, that we have routed the grenadiers of our quondam king, while we are muzzled at will by his jack-puddings.

With whatever sentiments our readers may have perused Mr. Bray's communication, we believe the predominant one must have been wonder at the good-nature of its publishers. We would not insinuate, that the culprit should be deprived his defence; we only require that, while his trial is managed with courtesy, and he is attacked with the bright and cleanly arms of truth and argument, he shall trust his defence to better weapons than that clownish rodomontade, by which, while he is endeavouring to spatter others, he only converts his castle into a bog, where he sits like a toad in a quagmire, defended by nothing but his dirt.

Among the rarities in point of style which the Magazine affords—and our department is of itself a mustum—we esteem Mr. Bray's essay (which bears evident marks of the affected stout-heartedness of conscious guilt) as a diamond among carbuncles.

There stript, fair Rhetoric languished on the ground,
And shameful Billingsgate, her robes adorn.

Yet the publishers assure us that its most salient angles were obtunded, its brightest beams darkened, its strongest features suppressed. There still remains enough to shew, that the ambition of the writer and the actor are the same. If he raise a laugh, whether at him or with him, it sufficeth for the jester. But the publishers may at least value it, as my lady values her monkey, whose ugliness is its merit.

And now (first asking Mr. Bray's leave for a quotation) *paulo majora canamus*—let us proceed to weightier matters. Mr. Bray's defence against our first charge concerning "the Colleges," is—first, that it is outlawed, being committed the winter before last. This we allow, is a good ground of defence; for we readily acknowledge our folly in resorting to any other fund than the abundant one of last winter. Second, that he uttered no more than his author set down for him. Now we say he uttered *less*, and herein lies his fault. Had he given as he ought, the *whole* sentence as originally written, and as published in the last Magazine, the author would have been a decent and lucid commentator on his own expressions. On the contrary, Mr. Bray entered munching gingerbread, with outstretched neck and extruded shoulders, (his favorite idea of the *vis comica;*) he then to the question asked him, replied, "I'm going to the Colleges," and there stopped. This was sufficient. The sympathizing appeal was acknowledged by a roar among those who knew nothing of *Chelsea*, and were like to know nothing from this impertinent suppression of the actor. Now we desire to know whether the performer who designedly extracts vulgarity from the blameless text of his author, be not as guilty as if he invented it? They, indeed, that can stoop to the former, are not often capable of the latter; but of two evils, original impudence is certainly the least offensive. Let not the Merry Andrew think he answers us by saying, that the offensive meaning would not be found unless sought for. The half-knowing mind of thousands who visit the theatre, ought never to be put upon this search by any veteran Zany of the stage. The embryon lewdness of a double meaning, is even worse in its effects, than such a full-grown outrage as burst upon us in the comedy of "Education." The latter is stamped at once for its unequivocal infamy, with general abhorrence, while an offence of the former nature is wafted to the ears of unenlightened innocence, accompanied by the unchecked and elucidating grin of the multitude.

The youth———
Like yielding wax th' impressive folly bears.

But if the younger part of both sexes, while innocently attending a favourite amusement, are compelled to play at bopeep and blindman's buff, with double meanings and enigmatical obscenity, it is high time the theatre was pulled about the ears of its mischievous tenants, who had better be living on public charity, than fattening on the wages of sin. And while these salacious animals are allowed to run loose, let us not be censured for echoing to parents the caution which moralists have given long before us:—

Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast;
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expense; nor friend nor patron spares.

But let us return. Messrs. Bernard and Hilson gave the *whole* of the answer as copied by Mr. Bray, and one of these excellent performers (not "both of them") was "extolled to the skies," not because he delivered this sentence, but on account of his masterly performance throughout, which we heartily wish it was in Mr. Bray's power to imitate.

Mr. Bray calls Messrs. Bernard and Hilson "exotics," thereby implying that *he* is of home-bred growth. This we never learned before; at any rate we can readily dispense with the compliment. Mr. Bray announces himself as one of "the common roots, (we never thought him uncommon) by which the managers are supported." This may be, but

"The tree will never flourish till the roots are under ground."

As to our "cutting up" faculty, we desire to exercise it upon none but those pernicious suckers and unprofitable weeds, that choke and supplant the blooming flowers of genius. And concerning the solemn query that Mr. Bray in concluding, so pathetically put us about our advice concerning his "perambulations;" we answer, that the actor who informs a promiscuous assembly of ladies and gentlemen that "he is going to the Colleges," need not be apprehensive that his fame will receive any additional injury, should it be unluckily discovered that he told the truth. However, to do ourselves justice, we must inform him that we alluded, as every one may see, only to his *scenic* perambulations. We descend not to the meanness of insinuating aught of private character, and leave to him the business of insulting the feelings; it is ours only to protect them.

After all, we would not by any means have our readers suppose, that we place any weight upon this solitary *double entendre*, which many did and more might not understand. Let it be remembered, that, with regard both to Mr. Bray and Mr. Dickson, we adduced instances of their misconduct, at random, merely as *specimens* by which our sedate readers might form a judgment of the *whole*; though we acknowledge that one might as well pretend to delineate the ravages of a pestilence, by describing its operation on a single victim. We could have adduced an army of other instances better suited to support our charge; and, even supposing for sake of argument, that Mr. Bray had exonerated himself from an imputation, lighter than in any we could have brought against him, we could still address him in another "pretty ready-made quotation," by asking—

And do you think, good man! your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pluck out one?

The truth is, we had originally fixed upon a vulgar song, which Mr. Bray sung at the same time and in the same piece, in which Mr. Dickson so honourably distin-

guishes himself. *Hodge*, whom Mr. Bray personates, seduces and deserts poor *Margery*, the maid; and Mr. Bray presently appears bawling a dirty ditty about a woman's "*let'n a man have his will*;" and the burden of the piece is—

And after they've got it,
They tell you—odd rot it,
Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone.

Vide "Love in a Village," *Act I. Scene 5.* What Hodge means by "they've got it" will sufficiently appear from the context.

Our paper, as thus drawn up, was submitted, for the better assurance of our memory, to several of our brotherhood who "write for a living"—that is to say, who write against the present management. But it was here suggested to us, that Mr. Bray might parry this charge by thrusting forward the manager to receive the blow;—though some doubt whether any delicate and gentlemanlike performer would thus put his conscience and his feelings into a manager's keeping.

Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face.

Against our own decision, therefore, we substituted "the Colleges" for Hodge's ditty, it being observed that the former offence was extracted by main force from an innocent meaning, and of course inexcusable. We therefore introduced it as the *harbinger* merely of that unequivocal, lucid, and intelligent piece of impudence uttered by Mr. Bray in the comedy of "Education"—to which let us now proceed.

We must confess that our astonishment and disgust when we heard this expression, were outdone by what we experienced at the barefaced falsehood of the denial. Mr. Bray shuffles off this charge by *a dash, a pause*, and the substitution of *teach* and *when*, for *how* and *show*. Lucifer might thus easily distort the decalogue to subserve the purposes of pandemonium. It is a matter of but little difficulty for an actor, while sweating under the public imputation of such a charge as this, to hustle a few *ifs*, and *outs*, and *whens* together, readjust them as suits his purposes, and then impudently swear to the verity of his new collocation; while his brazen assurance startles the humble confidence of weak memories and tender nerves. But this slight-of-hand-man will find better memories here, unaided by *note books*, which Mr. Bray, in his trepidation, understood us as having in our possession.—Well might he shudder at the idea; for the *whole* truth would indeed overwhelm him and his fellows with confusion.

That the alteration of this infamous expression, as made in Mr. Bray's defence, is a *designed* one, we will not positively assert. He might not have recognized the most offensive features of his disgraceful offspring; or he may have wheedled his memory over to his interest. Indeed, he or any of his fraternity must possess the memory of the farfamed *Artaxerxes Mnemon*, to treasure up the numberless interpolated jokes, and perverted meanings, so often witnessed and complained of at our theatre; and dealt out with such frontless perseverance as repeatedly to have driven females from the boxes. But, if memory has deserted him, let him not seek revenge by deserting truth. In this instance, the memory of his auditors is too strong for him, and he is deprived of the chance of even lying with credibility. The action was so suited to the word, the word to the action, the bawdry shone out with such uneclipsed impudence, the drift and meaning of the obnoxious expression were so plain and unequivocal, and the whole was roared out with such an exulting precision of utterance, that we have even *children of both sexes* among our evidences, to whom the culprit may be referred for conviction and reproof.

This is what Mr. Bray calls "giving an effect to a dull scene!" If we may judge from our own feelings, and from the feelings of those that surrounded us, the "effect" was indeed such, as must have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the orator; Mr. Dickson's chaste song fades away in the comparison. Accustomed as we had been to the ribaldry of our theatre, yet this hercic achievement proudly claimed to be the ascendant.

——————the last
Surpassing all, was not to be surpast.

Mr. Bray "acknowledges," that he "repeated this sentence once oftener than his author." Here is an open avowal of an offence of the first magnitude in an actor—that of "saying more than is set down for him," of dosing his audience with his impertinent interpolations. This is an evil by far too common on the stage, not to call loudly for suppression. An enlightened audience do not devote their time and pay their money to hear the extempore effusions of every green-room noddy, more especially, when, as in the instances before us, modesty concurs in damning, what taste disdains to tolerate. If this license be permitted, what shall guard the text of the author from the innovations of ignorance, or the feelings of the audience from insult?

Or say where virtue stops, and vice begins!

Let the licentiousness of our stage answer this question. There, neither the wit of Sheridan, nor the poetry of Shakspeare, is safe, while submitted to the decomposition, and transformed by the nomenclature of blockheads.

Their rank digestion makes it wit no more;
Sense pass'd through them no longer is the same,
For food digested takes another name.

But, says Mr. Bray, we do this to "give effect to the dullness of our author" What measureless vanity is this! Does this actor presume to insinuate, (for so his unlucky confession implies) that he is capable of adding poignancy to the wit of the dramatist, of giving "effect" to the humour of Moreton and Coleman, or of adding a polish to the elegance of Cumberland? If so, why not give up the humbler business of the sock, turn dramatist at once, snd outshine those whom he is now so capable of improving? But, alack! we forget ourselves; Mr Bray "does not write for a living," and probably never will, as we have already hinted.

But the scene which Mr. Bray thus felicitates himself for giving such a marvellous "effect" to, required none of his officious aid. It is, we believe, at the termination of the third act, where the author represents *Suckling* as leaving the stage, while silently pointing in derision to one of the *dramatis personæ*. Now an actor of genuine comic powers, such as Liston, Villiars, Jefferson or Hilson, could have done much, and would have done it exquisitely, by merely a silent, though characteristic gesticulation. We should have even preferred the usual *head-and-shoulder* wit of Mr. Bray, to what unhappily issued from his mouth. But the opportunity of paying his court to the third-row was too tempting to pass unimproved—

And but for mischief, he had died for spite.

From these considerations it must be apparent, that it is the duty of an actor to hold sacred the text of his author, however the managers may mangle it, as they almost always do, by a curtailed representation. The visitors of the theatre have been too long insulted by a scandalous neglect of this necessary precaution. We shall endeavor to enforce its observance by every means in our power. Every future transgression, though of a dye as deep as that of Mr. Bray's, shall be given to the public. The cheek which is not to be crimsoned with a blush, may yet be blanched by fear.

But let us now come to the point and confirm our accusation. The offender is not denied the privilege of pleading "not guilty" to his charge: he has already done it in a style that was far from indicating his innocence; but a jury look for better evidence than that of the accused. Mr. Bray shall hear it by calling at this office, where he may receive the address of a number of his insulted auditors, who will, if necessary, support our charge against him under the sanction of an oath.

We have now, we presume, qualified Mr. Bray to comment more successfully than in his last essay, upon our expression—

Here is our pledge; we'll prove it.

The "pledge" was our printed accusation; the "proof," the evidence of our fellow citizens, many of whom stand ready to convince him, that, as we boast not of the *spot*, so we are resolved not to submit to the *language*, called Billingsgate.

We therefore affirm, that the indecent expression recorded in our last paper as coming from Mr. Bray, and beginning with—"Come along, my dear," or, "Come along, Ellen," was "self-willed, original, extra-professional impudence," neither countenanced by the sense of his author, nor by common sense, or common decency; and was, to all intents and purposes, understood by those who heard it, as we understood it ourselves. That the meaning of this sentence was *generally* received as we have given it, is sufficient for the vindication of our veracity. The chance of the offender's not being understood by some, he owes more to his good fortune than to his innocence. That Mr. Bray may find some who did not understand it as we and many others did, we make no doubt; but this is but negative—we bring *positive* evidence. None will, we presume, have the impudence to depose to the truth of the expression as *pretended* to have been uttered in the communication of Mr. Bray.

Some of our readers may even censure us for thus stepping out of our way to prove that, which few who visit the theatre would doubt *without* proof. They may think with Pope:—

Is itch most hurts when ungered to a sore,
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the cure;
You only make the matter worse and worse.

Be this as it *may*, thus much we considered it our duty to observe, in defence of our own assertions, and in obedience to the respect we owe to truth and to the public.

But we have not yet done with this confident blusterer, though we have no room to say more at present.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE REFLECTOR....*No. XV.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man. POPE.

One of the most important studies of life is that by which we acquire a knowledge of ourselves. It is very easy to become informed to a considerable degree of the characters of others, their good qualities, or their propensities to this or that particular vice. But to turn the mind's eye upon itself, to penetrate every recess of that mysterious part of man, to bring to light all its latent qualities, separate its virtuous and vicious properties; in this consists the great Herculean labour, the self-abasing task from which we shrink with dismay, and direct our investigations to other objects where they may be conducted with less irritation, less mortification to ourselves. To use the words of our blessed Saviour, we can discern the mote in a brother's eye, but are unable to perceive the beam which is in our own. Yet let the greatest attention be bestowed in the endeavour to attain a knowledge of self, and after all we shall fall far short of that perfect knowledge which is so desirable, in order to direct all our actions to their proper channel. The experience of all men will, I think, justify the opinion that more injury results from the distrust of our own abilities than from an unwarrantable confidence in their sufficiency to accomplish the purposes which we meditate. Were we to measure the difficulties of every enterprise by the known power possessed of obviating them, the consequence would be a despair of executing plans which though in the beginning they appeared insurmountable, yet after the achievement, seem almost within the capacity of a child. The mind, unless stimulated by a recollection of what has been attained by others, fears to quit the beaten track of past ages, lest a failure should draw upon us the imputation of pride and rashness. Yet what schemes, whose successful issue has been attended with great benefit to the world, were not in their conception attended with some degree of doubt, if not wholly involved in uncertainty.

If by our exertion one particle be added to the aggregate of knowledge in the world, we shall not have laboured in vain; and should we fail in our attempts, if they be the result of a wish to improve the condition of mankind and not to manifest our superiority to others however they may be charged to presumptuousness, the conviction that they proceeded from laudable motives will blunt the shafts of malignity and restore the mind to its accustomed serenity.

Those who suppose that the exalted geniuses who by their inventions or discoveries have rendered to society most essential services, services which shall be remembered with gratitude to the remotest ages, for so long will the consequences of the labours of many of them be experienced, and cease only with the dissolution of nature, those I say who suppose that they were completely satisfied at the commencement of their labours that they should bring them to a successful conclusion, reason contrary to their own experience, and that of all others. They will be scarcely able to call to mind the most trifling plan which has engaged their attention, whose commencement has not been involved in doubt and uncertainty, and almost every stage of its progress gives rise to irresolution and despair. If then the mind enter with such diffidence upon labours so easily executed and whose success or failure will be comparatively unimportant, what must be its sensations when engaging in the achievement of enterprises, the accomplishment of which shall be hailed as a new era in history? Many wait with anxiety a display of that commanding genius which promised so much, because its triumph will confer a general benefit; its success will indeed command the wreath of renown, but its failure will be followed by the rage of disappointed expectations, and the keen edged satire of exulting envy.—This however ought not to deter any from well meant exertion for the general advantage, since the difficulty of

advancing with greater certainty results from human fallibility, and therefore we have a right to expect that others will pardon in us those inabilities which they experience in themselves. All that can be expected is that the talents which we may possess be prompted to action not by vanity but a philanthropic zeal for the general good, the magnitude of the object weighed with all the prudence which we possess, and that the general benefit resulting from its success be considered our highest reward, and an approving conscience a sufficient solace for failure and disappointment.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

INDECENCY IN CONVERSATION.

THERE are few traits more injurious to a young man's character, and more disgusting in it, than a proneness to indecency in conversation. It gives rise to strong suspicions of premeditated or actual guilt, and with whatever credit to himself or satisfaction to his friends, he may occupy the station in society in which he is placed, it argues meanness of origin, and an intimacy, though probably from motives of shame, concealed, with those depraved and vicious characters, whose mingled crimes and misfortunes have made them outcasts from the virtuous part of their sex, with whom no one can associate without being polluted.

It is distressing to a heart warmed and enlightened by moral feeling, to hear the low and disgusting language of the bagnio and brothel brought into general use and approbation. Yet, that that is at present the case, shamefully the case, with those young men from whom society is entitled to hope better things, is undeniable. There are indeed some exceptions to this assertion in the characters of those who, treading in the steps and emulating the virtues of their fathers, promise to become ornaments to society and to stand unweakened amid the torrent of corruption.

If "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and we are assured from the highest authority that it is so, what opinion shall we form of him, whose almost every word is an oath, and his conversation a compound of impudence and blasphemy? The name of him who made him is used with as little ceremony as that of a dog, and that of his Redeemer together with his attributes made the subjects of vulgar criticism and disrespect.

If we may judge of the heart, from that which is uttered by the tongue, what judgment sufficiently severe shall we form of the heart of him, who delights in that species of conversation which tears away the covering with which decency has concealed those forbidden themes, which cannot be touched upon without raising a blush on the cheek of modesty? who is a walking magazine of bawdy tales, a pest and nuisance to society?

Indecent conversation is without excuse; it cannot admit even of the slightest palliation:—but profane and impious blasphemy is not without its advantages, (if advantages they may be called.) It is of singular importance to the bullying coward. By dint of curses, oaths, and execrations, he often terrifies his antagonist into submission, makes a show of that courage which he does not possess, and hides the weakness of his little, dastard heart.

No young and beardless stripling, ambitious to be considered as a man, ere his years have borne him within "speaking distance" of discretion, but finds a wonderful advantage in this manly qualification. At first his unpractised tongue trembles and falters, and his oaths are few and feeble. But soon, though with a voice which that of a sick girl might emulate in strength, the grown up baby curses and swears by wholesale, proud of having attained, in his own opinion, the reputation of being a "d———d 'smart fellow" at so cheap a rate.

If mankind must and will curse and swear, it would be well to establish a seminary of profanity. It should be well furnished and endowed, with President, Professors, and tutors, selected from the most foul-mouthed and eminent. There will be no difficulty in finding those who are sufficiently qualified. These should teach and establish a system of refined and polished blasphemy, that the rich and polite, the magistrate and the legislator, might be preserved from the necessity of making use of the same disgusting and worn out terms of profanity, which disgrace the lips even of the foul and drivelling drunkard.

The influence of custom upon society is strong and powerful. And while that which is criminal becomes so habitual as to be no longer regarded as such; while a name that shakes the heavens and the earth is treated with careless disrespect, the cup of wrath and misery is filling, ready to be presented to the profane and blaspheming lip. Woe unto him who shall taste thereof! the loathing lip, the averted eye, are alike in vain; from him and for him it was filled, and he must drain it to the dregs.

THE TEAR OF PITY.

EXPRESSION OF COMPASSION AT A CARD TABLE.

—So miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption.—She was no more than seventeen, a sweet girl!—

Ah! is she dead!—*Poor thing! What's trumps?*

—The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind our house, and which he fell into—

Is he? I thought he could not recover.—*Play a spade, ma'am.*

—There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies.—How many childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! many indeed—*The odd trick is our's.*

The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat—

That's hard—*I have not a heart indeed, sir.*

—He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hopes that he will recover the use of his reason—

Oh! I recollect, he rode against somebody!—*Play a spade, if you please.*

—The prospect to the poor at present is dreadful indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Yes—one really gives so much in charity—*I'll bet you a crown on the best club.*

—Pray, ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs.——?

What! her son drowned! O yes—*you are eight, you can call.*

—George! ma'am, George, I am sorry to say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday—

You don't say so—*I had two honours in my own hand—*

Yes: and as misfortunes never come alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction—

Dear me! that's bad—*cingle, double, and the rub!*

[*Exeunt, counting their money.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

YELLOW crape Bonnets, with ties of the same, is an undress highly distinguished. The Leghorn Straws are worn very large, with white Ostrich feathers: Some encircle the crown obliquely with a band of straw-coloured gauze and a white satin riband interlaced. Green and blue, scarlet, blue, and green, are the colours of the plaided stuffs employed by the Milliners for bonnets. Among the Coquelicots and the Blue-bells that ornament these Bonnets, grass and spikes of green wheat are mixed; the florists imitate the grass with ostrich feathers dyed green. Some bonnets of Lilach-coloured crape are trimmed with riband of light green. Scarfs of raw silk are no longer a scarce ornament; sometimes the ladies employ them as cravats; at others, as soltiers or crossed, often as a sash, and then again as soltier and sash. Grey gaiters, like those of the preceding years, are worn. And what we have not before seen, robes of unbleached cotto-cambric. Some white robes have the sleeves narrow. Wrought sleeves have mostly muslin flounces; some put them on in circles, others in columns; sometimes the flounces, are made to serpentine round the sleeve, and sometime at the bottom of each side flounced, is a trimming resembling a furbelow. A new stuff for pantaloons has just made its appearance; it is a cassimere of cotton, very finely corded; the colours are grey, water-green, olive-green and deadleaf.—Our tailors have noticed some Americans who wear double-breasted waistcoats, having small lappels with two ranges of covered buttons; and they propose making some similar.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 2, 1817.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

By the Com. Hull, arrived at this port on Tuesday from Liverpool, we learn that General Savary had been arrested at Trieste, and conducted by the order of the Emperor of Austria to a fortress in Hungary.

The admirers of Oriental literature are much interested by the arrival in London of the first part of a curious Chinese Dictionary, printed at Mocoa, under the compilation of the Rev. Robert Morrison.

A letter from on board the U. S. ship Washington, dated Port Mahon, 22d May, says, "we are preparing to sail round the Mediterranean, and then to visit Gibraltar, where we hope to find a relieving squadron."

On Tuesday afternoon, a few minutes before 6 o'clock, a Balloon of about 5 feet diameter was let off from State-Street.—It arose very majestically, took a north-east direction; was seen about 18 minutes, when it disappeared, apparently in the clouds, over the north-eastern part of Chelsea.

It is said some young Wirtemberg emigrants in the U. States have sent home for wives; and 12 girls, from 12 to 18 years of age, have been engaged, and are now on their way to be married to their countrymen.

The Austrian Maj. Weiss is appointed Austrian Consul General to the United States.

The thief who robbed Mr. Moulton's shop at Newburyport, has been caught at Eastport, with a considerable part of the property. He calls his name Scribner.

The President left Vergennes on Friday afternoon in the Steam Boat, and proceeded down the lake, probably to the lines; after which he was to land at Plattsburgh, and continue his tour to Sacket's Harbour.

We understand that the Proprietors of the Church in Park Street have invited the Rev. Sereneo E. Dwight, of Connecticut, son of the late President of Yale College, to settle with them, and that he has accepted the invitation.

COMMUNICATION.

WASHINGTON GARDENS.

Mrs. Wheatley's benefit, and last appearance at the Gardens, on Monday evening, we hope will not be neglected by a Boston audience. The performances of this accomplished female in her dramatic personations must be recollected by those who were fortunate enough to witness her pure and elegant stile of acting. For the week past we have been highly gratified with her vocal performances, which we apprehend have not been surpassed in this country.

In addition to the great variety of vocal and instrumental music that will on this occasion be brought forward, the novelty of the ascension of three Balloons, one of which we are informed is 30 feet in diameter, exclusive of the Car and Parachute, which are to be brilliantly illuminated under the direction of Monsieur A. B. Guerin, lately from Paris. We are informed it was the intention of Mr. Guerin to have gratified the public with a view of these Balloons some time since, but not having a proper place for the necessary arrangements, has determined him to select the Washington Gardens which will not only tend to give the public a good opportunity of visiting such a novelty, but also be of service to the lady whose benefit is announced for that evening.

MARRIAGES.

In this town,—Mr. Hezekiah Newton, to Miss Eliza Lewis—Mr. Samuel L. Abbott to Miss Matilda Campbell—Mr. Elijah Clark to Miss Mary W. Lane.—Mr. Samuel Bradlee to Miss Eliza Williams.

At Cambridge, Mr. Ebenezer Flagg to Miss Margaret P. Bellin. At Charlestown, Mr. William A. Parker to Miss Hannah Hooper. At Roxbury, Mr. William Hazlett to Miss Sarah Walker. At Bridgewater, (East Parish) Rev. Ralph Sanger of Dover, (Mass.) to Miss Charlotte Kingman.

DEATHS.

In this town,—Mrs. Elizabeth Dyer, aged 86 years—Mr. Gideon Gowing, aged 32—Maria, only child of Mr. James Carlisle—John, son of Capt. Thomas Harris, aged 3 years—Mr. William Ornold, aged 17—Mary Jane R. Moore, aged 5 years—Mr. Gorham Rogers, aged 26—Miss Nelly Powers—Mr. John Rogers, aged 31 years.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Rebeckah, wife of Mr. John Capen 7th, aged 38 years. At Charlestown, Miss Sally, daughter of Mr. William Arnold. At Cambridgeport, Mr. Andrew Bordman, aged 72. At Milton, Mr. John Hill, aged 93. At Roxbury, William Brewer, Esq. aged 59—Miss Mercy Burrill, aged 26 years.

POETRY.

(ORIGINAL.)

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SUN AND MOON.

The ball-room full in splendour beam'd,
The dazz'ling lights with brilliance gleam'd;
The giddy crowd quick forward press'd,
With rapture kindling in each breast;
The list'ning belle and flatt'ring beau,
All felt the smile of pleasure glow;
And now the light fantastic strain
Call'd to each place the lively train;
With beating heart and sparkling glance,
They soon began the festive dance.
Flush'd with the glow of pleasing hope,
Amanthis led his fair one up,
And on Matilda bent his eye,
As though each maze she seem'd to fly;
But when had ceas'd the sprightly strain,
The dancers sought their seats again;
While wit and many a joke went round,
And laughter breath'd his joyful sound.
Near to the fair Matilda's side,
Sat a young Frenchman with his pride,
A blooming fair; whose sparkling eye
Bade Cupid's wounding arrows fly;
He bent his rapture glowing sight
On the fair maid with fond delight.
And now Monsieur the silence broke,
His smile still bright'ning as he spoke:
"Madam, you're like the glorious sun,
Light beaming from his golden throne;
Your charms like his resplendant ray,
Shed brilliant lustre on the day;
With glitt'ring beams like him you shine,
Like him you shed a light divine."
Matilda, who like Venus seem'd
So bright, her lovely blushes beam'd,
Quickly aside her glances bent,
At her fair rival's compliment.
Monsieur on her his eyes now plac'd,
And shrunk like one who felt disgrac'd.
What, thought he, have I prais'd *one* fair,
While there's another lady here,
For whom politeness speaks at least,
She must suppose me rude at best.
Then with a pardon-claiming look,
And bow profound, thus Monsieur spoke:
"Just like the silver moon's soft gleams,
Madam, your charms shed brilliant beams,
When swift she sails eve's dusky shroud,
Without the shadow of a cloud;
So silv'ry bright, so heav'nly fair,
Madam, your beauties glitter here."
Matilda laugh'd, and her fair eye
Beam'd brightly as she made reply:—
"I'm much indebted," cried the dame,
"Politeness well my thanks may claim;
Beside the *moon* has so much pow'r,
When *sun*-beams brightly gild the hour;
All sure must own *my* potent ray,
When I'm so near the *god of day*."

MORA.

(SELECTED.)

FROM THE EXILE.

THE YANKEE IN NEW-YORK.

OR....THE MISTAKE OF A CLOWN.

Custom makes every thing palatable, as the Dutchman said when he ate the fried stockings.

A Yankee late from Boston came,
To view this wond'rous city;
And none may sure the Yankee blame,
'Tis all so clean and pretty.

This Yankee—be it understood,
Was both polite and civil,
And though in some things not so *good*,
He always fear'd the *Devil*.

But Boston folks, as buckskins say,
Are very full of notions;
In fact they prove it ev'ry day,
By taking ******'s potions.

Our Yankee too a notion had,
That *Swine* were *Satan's* cousins,
Which, for to plague the good and bad,
Were sent on earth by dozens.

Down Pearl-street Isaac shap'd his course,
(Mouth gaping wide with wonder)
Thinking which was the *greatest curse*,
A city could fall under.

While busied with such thoughts as these,
Thoughts dear to Yankee rover,
A *Hog*, just feasting on some pease,
He tumbled headlong over.

Recovering from the shock, he rose,
"Chock full" of *trepidation*,
Rubb'd down his shins and brush'd his clothes,
Then swore "*retaliation*."

"Help! help!" full loud the Yankee cry'd,
(A Yankee's "up to" bawling)
"A hog! a hog! I'll tan his hide;"
For help he still kept calling.

At length appear'd a man in blue,
With cudgel like Hercules,
Demanding what the Yankee meant
By such d———d cries as these.

"What mean," said Isaac, with a grin,
"I mean this hog to slay, or
Quick to the "pound" to put him in,
Then go and tell the *Mayor*."

"Curse on thy Yankee wooden head,"
Cry'd out the man quite witty,
"Did'st thou not know that hogs have, here,
"The *freedom* of the *city*."

Quoth Isaac, "then, if that's the case,
And you're the city's *master*,
Father, I think, will *buy* the place,
And send his *Hogs* to *pasture*."

LINES,

On being told by JANE, *that she had dreamed of me.*

I've heard, dear Jane, that "when repose
Doth o'er our couch her poppies shake,
Our slumb'ring thoughts will dwell on those,
Whom most we think of when awake."

Ah, this is true; for still when I
Would court my pillow's downy rest,
I find my nightly visions fly,
To where my daily dreams are blest.

And I have heard, "the heart alone
Speaks when in sleep the body's laid;
And oft the mind's best secret's shone,
And oft its dearest wish betray'd."

If this be so, some sylph I'll woo,
Some gentle spirit of the air,
Your dreams to me, and mine to you,
With faithful diligence to bear.

While o'er my slumbers watch you keep,
If, sylph, my ev'ry thought you bear,
You'll say my tongue speaks more asleep,
Than when awake it dares declare.

And, oh! perhaps my Jane will shew,
While in my dreams I sue to thee,
Some lovely smile of brighter hue,
Than ever yet has beam'd on me.

EDWIN.

AMUSEMENT.

PRIDE.

Diogenes, washing some cabbages, and seeing Aristippus approach, said, "if you knew how to live upon cabbage, you would not pay court to kings." "And if you," replied Aristippus, "knew how to live with kings, you would not wash cabbages."

A Jew pedlar travelling through Flintshire, being exhausted with fatigue, called for refreshment at a little Welsh ale-house, where they could furnish him with nothing but eggs and bacon, which were accordingly fried and brought to the table.—The first morsel he put into his mouth, there happened to be a clap of thunder that made the house shake again. "Father Moses," cried the Jew,—"what a *fuss here is about a bit of bacon*, take it away.

The laird of McNab was writing to one of his friends from an Edinburgh coffee house, when a gentleman of his acquaintance observed that he was setting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar. "Blast your eyes," exclaimed the highland chieftain, "how can a man write grammar with a pen like this?"

At a musical country meeting, a vocal performer, who was rather shabbily dressed about his *under garments*, being complimented on the power of his voice, vainly threw up his head and replied,—"O Lord, sir, I can *make any thing of it*." Can you, indeed? said a wit in the company—why then I'd advise you to *make yourself a pair of breeches of it*.

Two black men meeting in the street, one says to the other, "my master is dead, and died insolvent;" "solvent," replied the other, "what be dat?" to which the first replied, "it is being unable to pay his debts," "Pch, why he no borrow first, and pay his debts, and then die like a gentleman?"

MISERIES.

Being obliged to attend to business with your face bound up, on account of a toothach; having the question asked every five minutes, "pray, sir, what ails your face?" you mumble out an answer which you have to repeat two or three times to every person, before you can be understood.

Walking the street on Sunday with a person—more especially a Lady, who talks so loud, that every person within a stone's throw, understands the conversation as well as yourself.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Bray's letter as published in the Palladium, differs but little from that which we gave our readers. *The whole*, as originally received by us, was not published in *either* paper.

A Correspondent complains of the Captain and Agent of the Steam-Boat, for want of energy and punctuality, in not starting at the appointed times.

The "Contributor, No. 8," "To Mary—absent," and Lines on "Sympathy," have been received.

ERRATA.—In our last number, 4th. column, 7th line from top, for the 17th, read the 27*th* verse. In Mr. Dickson's song, for 'squall'd and squall'd,' read *squeal'd and squall'd*.

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